[Vol. 1.] THE [No. 35.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 30, 1806.

The following was evidently intended for the Visitant of the 16th inst. though we did not receive it till late in the evening of the 23rd. It shall never be the policy of the editor of the Visitant, knowingly to impose on the public selected matter as original. The communication with which OPHELIA was pleased to favor us appeared, at the time of its insertion, to be of the latter stamp. We regret that we could no earlier correct the mistake.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

Few things are more mortifying to an ingenuous mind than the receipt of credit for actions which it is sensible of having never performed. Far was it from the intentions of the writer to present to the public as an original production, the fragment in last week's Visitant, entitled, "Elvira." Though the head of its author may long have "rested on the lap of earth," yet justice demands a resignation of all unlawful claims upon his property; there is, besides, a meanness in plagiarism detested even by the obscure

OPHELIA.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

——"This little life
"Is rounded by a sleep."

The uncertainty and shortness of life, is universally acknowledged. It is not only inculcated by the moralist, but all nature is demonstrative of the fact. Every thing tends to convince us of the melancholy truth that ere long our eyes will be closed in Death. But true as this is, it has little, very little effect on our actions. Every one is busy and engaged in forming schemes for a future day, and the consideration that death may arrest us in our most active pursuits, scarcely enters on our thoughts, or is quickly banished to give place to more pleasing considerations. So infatuated are we that we put far off the evil hour and are unprepared to meet the dreadful summons.

When one considers the inattention which is paid to this, our last and inevitable doom, and seriously reflects on the uncertain state of man in this world, he is almost shocked with horror and disgust. How many are there, who would bemoan the loss of a few favorite flowers, and seem for, a while inconsolable, who, when they daily

hear of the numerous instances of the departure of their fellow-mortals from time to eternity, are, or at least appear to be, unmoved, and are willing to think themselves secure from the arrest of the grim tyrant.

But remember, (however flattering your prospect may be, tho' you may be blessed with the smiles of health, tho' fortune dispenses her choisest favors, and you are happy in the enjoyment of your friends,)

Mortal ! on thee this certain doom is past.
Howe'er secure, yet thou must die at last.

Washington-Street, August 27. HIRAX.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

THE RANGER. No. I.

MR. EDITOR,

In presuming to come forward, and offer myself as a candidate for a place in your Miscellany, I owe an apology to the public—not that I dare hope the feeble productions of my pen will survive the amusement of the hour, but that your readers may be acquainted with the motives which induced me to commence *Scribbler* for their entertainment. Preferring to range at large, rather than recline on the couch of ease, enjoying "*otium cum dignitate*," I shall, from time to time, as circumstances, and my own inclinations dictate, make public my observations and speculations on the manners, customs, and follies of the times—endeavoring to shew their

———"form and pressure."

To aid the cause of virtue and morality, to animate the supine to honourable exertion, to discountenance vice and immorality, and contribute our mite to the instruction of your Readers will ever be the aim of the Ranger.

A portion of our essays will be devoted to moral Speculations and we shall not be unmindful of the Ladies, the patrons of literary papers, and who undoubtedly constitute a large part of your Subscribers.

All classes are invited to correspond with the Ranger, thro' the medium of Mr. Pool's letter-box, and communications upon any subject will be promptly answered.

::

From a Clonmel Journal.—Ran away, last night, my wife Bridget Coole—she is a tight neat body, and has lost one leg—she was seen riding behind the priest of the parish through Fermoy—and as we never was married, I will pay no debts she does not contract: she lisps with one tooth, and is always talking about fairies, and is of no use but to the owner.—*Phelim Coole.*

SELECTED.

From a European Publication.

SUPERFLUOUS ADVICE.

By superflous advice, I mean that advice which, however good in itself, is given at a time when it cannot be of the least consequence to the party. Now, good advice being one of the most valuable things upon earth, you will no doubt be surprised that it should be thrown away in this manner; yet nothing is more certain, for instances of it occur every day. If a young fellow falls from his horse, and is hurt, there are some of the wisest of his friends who advise him not to ride so fast, or not to ride in the dark, or on such a bad road, &c.—All this must certainly be very consoling to him, at the time when the surgeon is probing one wound, and his assistant perhaps binding up another: and it must likewise be very useful at the precise moment when he is most sensible of his rashness, if he really has been rash, and is more conscious of the narrowness of his escape than any wise man around him can possibly be.

Some time ago, in company with a friend, and going to town to oblige him, whose business required that he should be very early there, I had the honour to meet with three of those gentlmen, whose notions of personal property are so confused that they take every opportunity to appropriate to their own uses what does not belong to them, and who commit so may mistakes of this kind, that it often requires a very learned judge, and twelve men besides, to convince them they have done wrong. In a word, Sir, the highwaymen stripped us of our money and watches, and left us only our philosophy to cousole us.

On our arrival in town, and announcing our loss, we expected to meet with some pity, seeing we had no means of defence, and were proceeding on his Majesty's highway on our lawful business. But instead of that, for near a month, we were overwhelmed with *post facto* advice, and *post obit* wisdom. One assured us that we could not have been robbed, if we had not travelled by night. Another blamed us excessively for not doing as he did, namely, to travel without any property about us. A third, with a smile of conscious superiority, wondered that we did not secrete our watches in the seat of the chaise, or among the straw, or under our armpits, or in twenty other places, in all of which he was certain they would have been perfectly safe; and in one or other of them he seriously advised us to dedosit such articies, "in all time forthcoming." A fourth collecting all his prospective powers of sapience into one focus, advised us never to travel on that road without pistols. Others again were so perfectly astonished at our having been robbed that they could not reconcile it to any known principles of human prudence. "What! bless me! did not you see the highwaymen coming? Could not you have ordered the post boy to drive on? Could not you have dropt your watches at the bottom of the chaise? Could not you, if you must travel by night, have borrowed pistols by the way? Could not you have come away earlier: Could not you have staid till next morning? Could not you have got a cast in the Mail Choach? Could not you——."

But I shall be out of breath. In short it appeared that to be robbed at all is one of the most foolish, unwise, and imprudent things on earth ; and that of all foolish, unwise, and imprudent robberies, our's was the principal.—— Indeed I began to doubt whether we were not the first who had ever met with the misfortune of being robbed : and that while the rest of mankind were enjoying the luxury of cautious sagacity, and protected by the quintessence of true wisdom, we two were the only fools which the kingdom of Great Britain produced. Nay, from the manner in which we were tutored and advised by some of our Mentors, I am doubtful whether they did not think that we set out with a direct intention to be robbed, and that we had given due notice to the thieves, where they might most conveniently meet us.

Such is the kind of advice we are perpetually receiving from our sage counsellors, after the affair is over, which they wish to prevent, and the loss irretrievable which they wish to avert. Even the bed-side of the sick is not protected from advice of that kind ; there are always some sagacious persons, who foresaw that the patient must catch cold, if he did so and so, and who really wondered, that when taken ill, he had not immediate recourse to Dr. Bolus, or Dr. Apozem, or some other infallible terror of diseases. As to broken limbs, one would think they were always matters of premeditation. A friend of mine stepping hastily out of a coach, which several hundreds do every day, without hurt or danger, had the misfortune to fall and break a leg. He has often told me that the pain of setting the limb, and the subsequent confinement, would have been very tolerable, but for the kind admonitions of his friends, who had long declared open war against all steps of coaches, and really wondered how he could be so foolish as to jump hastily out of a coach ; "this was what they never did, and what no wise man ever did, and what certainly none but fools would do."

But there is no case in which this kind of wisdom is more frequently employed, than when a person happens to be overreached by a swindler, or artful fellow, of which there are always plenty to take advantage of unsuspecting innocence.—Now, indeed, the sufferer is assailed with innumerable scraps of *post obit* sagacity. "Why did he trust such a person ? Why did he not suspect him ? Surely he ought to have had all his eyes about him. We would not have been taken in by such a fellow ; and we would advise him in future to be more upon his guard agaist men of that description."

I know I shall be told, that the dealers in this kind of wisdom mean well. The same well meaning is in many instances a great enemy to proper acting. A mother beats her child because it falls down ; a rider flogs his horse because he stumbles ; and they may for any thing I know, mean well. But I am certain that neither child nor horse will be the better for a punishment inflicted in the heat of passion, and without a due consideration, or any consideration at all, indeed, of the circumstances.

But that I may not leave the *post obit* advisers in ill humour, I shall not dilate upon the subject, but merely submit to their consideration, whether a grain of good advice in a time of danger, is not preferable to a bushel of their sagacity after an accident has happened.

Neither Rash nor Fearful.

SELECTED POETRY.

HYMN TO BENEVOLENCE.

BY BLACKLOCK.

Hail source of transport ever new;
Whilst thy kind dictates I pursue,
I taste a joy sincere;
Too vast for little minds to know,
Who on themselves alone bestow,
Their wishes and their care.

Daughter of God! delight of man!
From thee felicity began;
Which still thy hand sustains:
By thee sweet peace her empire spread,
Fair science rais'd her laurel'd head,
And discord gnash'd in chains.

Far as the pointed sun-beam flies,
Thro' peopled earth and starry skies,
All nature owns thy nod;
We see thy energy prevail,
Thro' Being's ever rising scale,
From nothing ev'n to God.

Envy that tortures her own heart,
With plagues and ever-burning smart,
Thy charms divine expel:
Aghast she shuts her livid eyes,
And, wing'd with tenfold fury flies,
To native night and hell.

By thee inspir'd, the gen'rous breast,
In blessing others only blest,
With goodness large and free;
Delights the widows tears to stay,
To teach the blind their smoothest way,
And aid the feeble knee.

O come! and o'er my bosom reign,
Expand my heart, inflame each vein,
Thro' ev'ry action shine;
Each low, each selfish wish controul,
With all thy essence warm my soul,
And make me wholly thine.

Nor let fair virtue's mortal bane,
The soul-contracting thirst of gain,
My faintest wishes sway;
By her possess'd, ere hearts refine,
In hell's dark depth shall mercy shine,
And kindle endless day.

If from thy sacred paths I turn,
Nor feel their griefs, while others mourn,
Nor with their pleasures glow:
Banish'd from God, from bliss, and thee,
My own tormenter let me be,
And groan in hopeless woe.

EARLY LIFE.

FROM A NEW-YORK PAPER.

When young in life, nor known to sorrow,
How lightly flew the gladsome day?
Gay dreams of bliss brought on the morrow,
And gilt the sun's declining ray.

Then, sweet and tranquil were my slumbers—
Then, never "wak'd mine eyes to weep,"
No sorrow which the heart encumbers,
Poison'd the balm of downy sleep.

No treach'rous friendship then had found me,
Nor death's dread power had rent my heart—
Hope spread her fair illusions round me,
And play'd the fair deceiver's part.

She pictur'd years of tranquil pleasure,
Peace and content she held to view;
My trusting heart dwelt o'er its treasure,
And thought the lovely vision true.

Ah! scenes of joy, by fancy given,
To cheat th' enraptur'd gazing eye!
Say why, alas! ye promise heaven,
And give--but disappointment's sigh?

Dear days of bliss! ye wake my sorrow—
Now, slowly moves the tedious day,
While sombre shades o'ercloud the morrow,
And shroud the sun's declining ray.

CLARA.

TO NOSINA.

Thy nose is a beautiful red,
It vies with the rose's bright bloom,
Refulgent it lights thee to bed,
And shines thro' thy chamber's drear gloom.

With thee 'tis perpetual day,
No night near thy nose can obtrude;
Its beams chase night's shadows away,
From the house where thy forefathers stood.

Thy ways would be terrible dark,
Did thy nose fail to light thee along;
I've stole from its splendor *one* spark,
To cheer the dull notes of my song.

MISCELLANEOUS.

::::::::::::::::

From Rush's "Thoughts upon Female Education."

It is agreeable to observe how differently mordern writers, and the inspired author of the Proverbs, describe a fine woman. The former confine their praises chiefly to personal charms, and ornimental accomplisments, while the latter celebrates only the virtues of a valuable mistress of a family, and a useful member of society. The one is perfectly acquainted with all the fashionable languages of Europe ; the other, "opens her mouth with wisdom" and is perfectly acquainted with all the uses of the needle, the distaff, and the loom. The business of the one, is pleasure ; the pleasure of the other is business. The one is admired abroad ; the other is honoured and beloved at home. "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her." There is no fame in the world equal to this ; nor is there a note in music half so delightful, as the respectful language with which a grateful son or daughter perpetuates the memory of a sensible and affectionate mother.

It should not surprize us that British customs, with respect to female education, have been transplanted into our American schools and families. We see marks of the same incongruity, of time and place, in many other things. We behold our houses accomodated to the climate of Great Britain, by eastern and western directions. We behold our ladies panting in a heat of ninety degrees, under a hat and cushion, which were calculated for the temperature of a British summer. We behold our citizens condemned and punished by a criminal law, which was copied from a country where maturity in corruption renders public executions a part of the amusements of the nation. It is high time to awake from this serviiity—to study our own character—to examine the age of our country—and to adopt manners in every thing, that shall be accomodated to our state of society, and to the forms of our goverment. In particular it is incumbent upon us to make ornamental accomplishments yield to principles and knowledge, in the education of our women.

A philosopher once said "let me make all the ballads of a countr and I care not who makes its laws." He might with more propriety have said, let the ladies of a country be educated properly, and they will not only make and administer its laws, but form its manners and character. It would require a lively imagination to describe, or even to comprehend, the happiness of a country, where knowledge and virtue, were generally diffused among the female sex. Our young men would then be restrained from vice by the terror of being banished from their company. The loud laugh, and the malignant smile, at the expence of innocence, or personal infirmities—the feats of successful mimickry—and the low priced wit, which is borrowed from a misapplication of scripture phrases, would no more be considered as recommendations to the society of the ladies. A double entendre in their presence, would then exclude a gentleman forever from the company of both sexes, and probably oblige him to seek an asylum from contempt, in a foreign country. The influence of female education would be still more extensive and useful in domestic life. The obligations of gentlemen to qualify themselves by knowledge and industry to discharge the duties of benevolence, would be encreased by marriage ; and the patriot—the hero—and the legislator, would find the sweet reward of their toils, in the approbation and applause of their wives. Children would discover the marks of maternal prudence and wisdom in every station of life ; for it has been remarked that there have been few great or good men who have not been blessed with wise and prudent mothers.

LITERATURE.

The science and state of a people may be very accurately determined by the encouragement given to literary productions. The toys of children are pleasing to a savage, and ornaments, little more costly, to weak minds in civilized society. A beautiful person, clad in good apparel, may captivate the eye

of the beholder ; but a well cultivated mind affords still greater pleasure to to those who are capable of enjoying it. A man must possess considerable knowledge, to discover it in others. The powers of the mind are wisely formed for progresssive improvement ; and it is readily granted, that the capacity for happiness is increased in proportion, as the understanding is cultivated. This should operate as a strong inducement to every one of advancing his own condition and rendering himself more agreeable to his companions, by using each opportunity of acquiring instruction to the greatest advantage. Let none despair of success, for a resolute perseverance will overcome seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

To be ambitious of literary excellency, is laudible, is far different from that ambition, which endangers the lives and liberties of nations. Though self may be the principal object in view, yet its effects cannot be confined. An author, either induced to write for the sole purpose of gaining applause, or compelled by poverty's stern commands, if merit is displayed, gives equal satisfaction to himself and his readers. But without encouragement, literature will never flourish ; while few find leisure, or disposition to read, less turn their attention to composing. [*Tablet.*

A WOODEN MIRACLE.

When Naples was once closly besieged, the Viceroy issued a severe order, that no man above or under such an age should appear in the streets without a sword on pain of death. To enforce this order he himself, attended by his officers, rode up and down the streets to see that none offended. In one of these progresses he perceived a gentleman without his sword, and immediately sentenced him to be hanged on the first sign-post. The gentleman pleaded hard for his life but to no purpose. He then entreated the Viceroy that he might not suffer so ignominious a death, but die in a manner more consonant to his rank, humbly requesting that the next gentleman who came by with a sword, might run him through his body. This was granted, and presently passed by one who had been in a gaming house, where having lost all, he had pledged the blade of his sword, and got a lath fitted to the hilt and scabbard. Being now stopped, and told the business he was appointed to execute, confounded him. Conscious of the insufficiency, of his wooden substitute, he exclaimed,—What ! make a common executioner of me ? and stain my blood to eternity ! In these and such like exclamations, he was eloquent and vociferous ; but finding all in vain, seriously prepared himself for the office—and kneeling down earnestly prayed—Oh God of mercy, if this man ought not to die, convert this my faithful sword into wood. Then to the astonishment of all present, drawing and brandishing his weapon, the condemned gentleman was ordered to be carried in solemn procession to the cathedral, where it was hung up as a trophy, and adds another link to the long chain of popish miracles.

ANECDOTE.

A number of gentlemen and ladies met to spend a social evening. Soon after, apples, as is common at such times, were handed about. A gentleman, taking a seed of an apple, snapped it at a lady on the opposite side of the room, which the lady observing, returned another, and struck him on the forehead. The gentleman some-what mortified by missing his aim, asked her, 'why dare you contend with me ?' 'Because (replied the lady,) we are promised the *seed* of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's head.'

CARLINI.

CARLINI was the first comic actor on the stage of Padua ; a single glance of his eye would diffuse smiles over the most rigid countenance. A gentleman one morning waited on the first physician in that city, and requested he would prescribe for a disease to which he was not merely a subject, but a victim—Melancholy. "Melancholy," replied the Doctor, "you must go to the Theatre, and Carlini will soon dissipate your gloom, and enliven your spirits."—"Dear Sir," said the patient, seizing the docter by the hand, "excuse me, I am Carlini myself ; at the moment I convulse the audience with laughter, I am the prey of the disease I came to consult you on."

MODERN RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Last night, as o'er the page of Love's despair,
My Delia bent deliciously to grieve ;
I stood a treach'rous loit'rer by her chair,
And drew the fatal scissars from my sleeve.

She heard the scissars her fair lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury-frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy, you have spoil'd my WIG !"

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SALEM, AUGUST 23—30, 1806.

The public commencement at the University in Cambridge, took place on Wednesday. The exercises were commenced at an early hour, and consisted of the following performances, by the Candidates for the Degree of Bachelor of Arts :—

1. A Salutatory Oration, in Latin, by Isaac Hurd. 2. A Forensic Disputation, by Prince Beale and James Day. 3. An English Poem, by William Augustus Fales. 4. An English Conference, by Ephraim Abbot, Charles Burroughs, Benjamin Lincoln and Abraham Moore. 5. A Latin Oration, by Daniel Oliver. 6. A Greek Dialogue, by Ebenezer Everett and Thomas Skilton. 7. An English Oration, by Thomas Morton Jones. 8. An English Conference, by Jonathan Cogswell, William Turner and Benjamin Hatch Tower. 9. An English Poem, by Jacob Bigelow. 10. An English Conference, by William Gordon, John Lovering and John Bois Thomas. 11. An English Dissertation, by William Pitt Preble. 12. English Compositions on various subjects, by Abiel Chandler, Thomas Pope, Thomas Tracy and Timothy Willington. 13. An English Oration, by Alexander Hill Everett.

By the Candidates for the the Degree of Master of Arts :—1. An English Oration, by James Savage. 2. A Valedictory Oration, by David Tenny Kimball.——The Degree of A. B. was conferred on 41—and the Degree of A. M. on about 20.

On Thursday, the Society of *Phi Beta Kappa*, celebrated, their Anniversary at Cambridge. Benjamin Whitwell, Esq. of Augusta, delivered a Poem, and Thomas Boylston Adams, Esq. of Quincy, an Oration.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Gideon Foster, to Miss Eliza A. Peirce. Mr. John Brown, to Miss Mary Ashby.

At Reading, Capt. John Holman, of this town, to Miss Louisa Nelson.

DIED,

In this town, Mrs. Mary Brown, wife of Mr. John Brown. In our last it was erroneously stated (from the Gazette) that Mr. B. was dead.

Mrs. Bethiah Herrick, wife of Mr. William Herrick.

Extracts from Dr. Priestley's Catechism: for the use of Schools.
SIXTH SALEM EDITION.
May be had at the Visitant Office—*Price* 6 *cents*.

PUBLISHED BY HAVEN POOL.
Directly west of the Tower of Dr. Prince's Meeting-House.
COMMUNICATIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.
Blanks, Cards, Advertisements, Shopbills, &c. printed at short notice.